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NOTICE.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

In the course of various casual remarks which we have felt it our duty to make from time to time on the ways and manners of the Democratic party, we believe we have once or twice spoken of the strange delight which that extraordinary body of men appears to take in mingling domestic disunion with their standing fights. If the party had merely a peculiarity akin to that attributed by some writers to the scorpion, of biting its own tail when matters became desperate, we should not be surprised. But the Democratic party gets up a row between its head and its tail just when it has a fair chance of vanquishing outside foes. The absurd dissensions in Ohio, the disgraceful and mercenary haggling in New York, the weak squabbling in New Jersey, are ruining the prospects of the Democrats, while the increasing popularity of President Arthur is, for the first time, offering the Republicans a chance to find "harmony" under the banner of a strong leader.

It ought to be a self-evident proposition that the man who makes it his business to collect evidence of a woman's unchastity and to bear witness against her, is about as low a type of humanity as our variegated civilization can produce. It seems a strange thing that his testimony should carry the slightest weight with it. Perjury would be child's-play—yes, actually an exercise in morality—to a man who lives by such means. When we consider that a man may commit perjury and yet retain some self-

LOVE'S SEA-SIDE OCCUPATION GONE.



The beach is strewn with hair-pins,
Though prints of dainty heels
Are washed out by the billow big
That roars and ramps and reels.

Upon the chilly sea-shore
Stands Cupid all alone,
His quiver empty of its shafts,
His darling victims flown.

Oh, where is Angelina?
And where is rosy Rose?
And where the youth that loved them both—
The youth with striped hose?

Oh, where is gentle Gertie,
Who wore the pretty boot?
Whose recreant lover failed at last
To press his tender suit?

A sad-voiced wind came sighing
O'er sea-sands bare and brown—
It said: "The whole caboodle has
Gone back again to town.

"The man who discontinued
His suit is feeling blue.
She will not discontinue hers—
Superior Court, Part II.

The city Cupid's precinct
Holds Angie, Rose and Kate—
The country Cupid shivered sore,
And wept his fallen state.

"Now whether to go to Utah
I really do not know.
Or to travel gay upon the road
With a Comic Opera Co."
V. H. D., P. P.

respect, we see how small a thing the crime of false-witness must appear to the man who has cut all connections with decency by adopting the profession of a divorce-court detective. But he is believed, on his oath, and many a woman and many a man knows what it is to have public disgrace added to the burden of a broken heart—and knows this through the offices of the divorce-court detective.

Yet the harm that the man does by his perjury—the direct harm, that is—is the least part of his evil being and doing. It is hard, certainly, that he has the power to ruin a man here and a woman there by disgracing them before the world. But think of the unseen mischief that the public knowledge of his mere existence is doing all the time. The unfaithful husband finds an added temptation to discard his wife in the fact that this convenient creature is ever at his call. And then what the recreant husband meant to be merely the abandonment of a woman swells into a vile wrong done to her good name. That such a tool as this may be had for money is enough to beget an itching for its use in palms that might remain clean if the tool were put forever out of the way.

What we said about the "bear-a-hand" idea of Connecticut law has received a fresh illustration. A poor devil whose style of living does not suit his pious neighbors, is dragged from his bed and tarred and feathered. He goes to Grand Juror Hall for a warrant for the arrest of his assailants. No warrant. Grand Juror Hall doesn't want to displease his neigh-

bors. Besides, a local minister of the gospel is mentioned as approving of the brutal assault. So the sufferer goes for justice to a high State official. But the high State official is too busy to pay much attention to the matter. The amateur administration of law in other parts of the State has filled his hands with work. And so the poor unpopular tarred-and-feathered wretch not only gets no justice; but is driven from the town.

From time immemorial we have been pestered by the questions:

Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?
Who wrote the letters of Junius?
Who wrote Shakspeare?
Who struck Billy Patterson?
Who sawed Courtney's boat?

These questions have never been satisfactorily answered, and they have been asked for years. In vain have philosophers and poets endeavored to answer them, and clear up the mysteries forever.

And now a question comes from a respected correspondent: Who wrote PUCK ON WHEELS?

PUCK ON WHEELS, we beg leave to answer, was written by many brilliant hands, and the ideas burning in it like deathless jewels of poetic fire sprung from as many inspired minds. We have not the space to spare to print the index, and let this and many other similar correspondents know who wrote this perfect little volume, or when we intend to follow Ruskin's advice and get out an edition *de luxe*. Therefore, the man who would know

WHO WROTE PUCK ON WHEELS

should go to the nearest news-dealer and purchase a copy for twenty-five cents. They all have it, and it is considered such a big thing for the money that even Hebrew clothing-dealers on Chatham Street never try to beat the news-dealer down, but assure him that PUCK ON WHEELS would be cheap at twice the price. Of all news-dealers; price 25 cents per copy.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE POETS' RESTAURANT.

HARLEM, September 24th, 1883.
Editor PUCK—Dear Sir:

Little as you may think it—little as you sometimes seem to think it—a poet requires physical sustenance.

Sometimes, I may add, he requires more than he gets.

Stimulants, rarely to be obtained without difficulty, are but a temporary and evanescent substitute; and the consciousness of genius and a profound devotion to art, is no substitute at all.

It is a beautiful thing, and a golden halo at the end of life's dim vista; but it is not filling.

Thus the poet has for many years carried around in his clothes a long-felt want.

That want now stands a fair show of being filled.

I have struck the Poets' Restaurant.

It is situated in Harlem, right around the corner from my palatial lodgings. I decline to give the location more specifically. Any one who really wants to patronize that restaurant may call at my lodgings and take me with him. I will show him the way. Then he can make what neat little recognition of my courtesy he sees fit. I am very fond, as a rule, of calf's-head *en tortue*. He can get my address from you.

[N. B.—Special to the Editor.—Don't give my address away indiscriminately. Look out for washerwomen in disguise.]

The great beauty of the Poets' Restaurant is its perfect adaptation to the periodicity of the poet's pecuniosity. A restaurant which relies upon the patronage of Western Union Telegraph Company employees exclusively would have to be cheap—hash-cheap—all the year around.

But the poet is not perpetually penniless. It is a cold Saturday for the professional poet when he does not rake in enough out of the sordid dealers in the children of his muse to support him in comparative cash luxury for two

or three days out of the next week. Saving and economical poets sometimes manage to carry themselves through a whole week on the earnings of the preceding one.

But the real old solid professional kind—the kind that bulge out with solid genius—never get down to that depth of worldliness. They peter out, financially, about Wednesday or Thursday.

The man who runs the Poets' Restaurant recognizes this fact, and he shapes his bill-of-fare according to it.

For instance, just to show you the scheme, let us begin with Sunday, when the poet is more or less flush—not so flush as he is on Saturday; but flusher than he is going to be, pretty soon—well, on Sunday, the poet finds on the daily bill-of-fare such dishes as Fricandeau of Veal, Fricassée of Chicken and Spring-Goose.

Then, on Monday, when the exchequer is materially depleted, there is plenty of nice sound Corned-Beef Hash and Mutton-Chops and plain Westphalia Ham, to be eaten off a board.

Tuesday, the poet makes a forced loan, and the restaurateur knows this and gives him a chance to revel in the luxury of Chicken Hash, Frogs' Legs, Soft-Shell Crabs and Spanish Mackerel.

Wednesday, the loan is melting away, and the bill-of-fare sympathetically sinks to Roast Beef and Irish Stew.

Thursday comes, with the gaunt wolf of poverty, and the star dishes on the bill-of-fare are Hash, (composition not specified,) Potato Salad and Cabbage.

On Friday the poet generally fasts. The restaurant is closed. If he is of a markedly avaricious nature and has half-a-dime about him, the back door is open, and he may buy a plate of Dried Apples.

Then comes Saturday, bright as a dream of love, and the sympathetic bill-of-fare blazes out with Green Turtle Steak, Grouse and Partridge.

Now you know the crescendo and diminuendo of a poet's alimentary regimen.

Yours for the Restaurant,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25th, 1883.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY, ESQ.—Dear Sir:

Shall we charge above notice to you or to the restaurant? Please advise at once.

Yours truly,

PUBS. PUCK.

Puckerings.

A DRESSING-CASE—The Dude.

A PAIR OF TENS—Two Chicago Feet.

AN ADVERTISER may not be superstitious, and still believe in signs.

THE COMPOSITOR can never be taught the typographical error of his ways. It is born in him.

A SIGN OF AUTUMN—The Red Label of the London and North Western on the returned tourist's "luggage."

NOTHING IN this little vale of tears is more amusing than the criticism of Wagner at a boarding-house table.

THE SEASON having regularly opened, it is now in order for the actress to have her diamonds grabbed on the street.

THE *North American Review* has an article entitled "The Early Man in America." The earliest man in America, we wish to inform our esteemed contemporary with the crushed-strawberry cover, is the milkman.

WHAT HAS become of the man who peddles lemonade on Broadway? He has simply laid aside his duster, straw hat and palm-leaf fan, and is now in his Fall clothes, retailing apples and chestnuts on Centre Street, disguised as an Italian.

A LITTLE IODINE, mixed with water and rubbed on the face, looks exactly like sunburn. This item is for the benefit of people who lived unobserved in the city during the heated term, that they may iodine themselves before going to church, and cause people to believe that they summered at Mt. Desert or Newport.

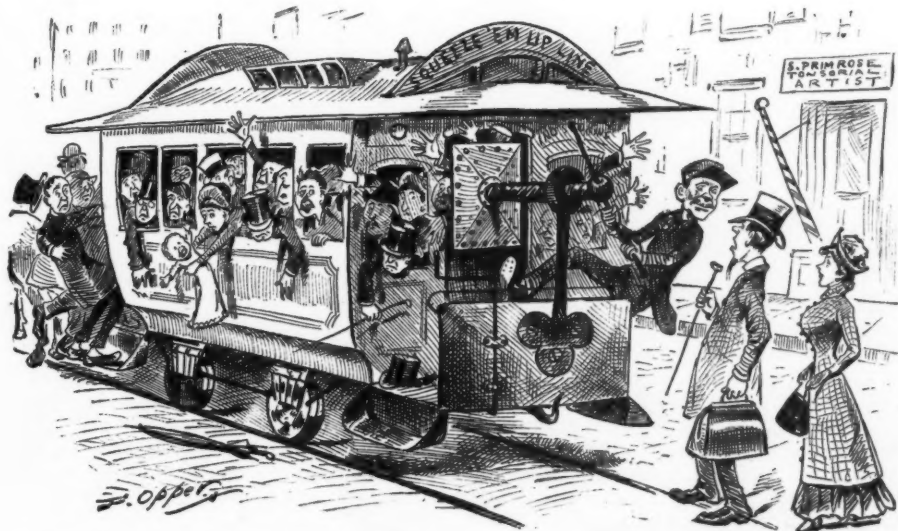
A SMALL BOY will dance on chestnut-burrs and broken bottles, and run airily over a wheat-field just after the wheat has been cut, and think nothing of it; but let the point of a nail work up a little way through the heel of his shoe, and he howls and limps, and thinks it is sufficient cause for him to remain away from school.

THE *Maryland Farmer* informs its readers how to tell the marks of a good cow. We don't know much about agriculture ourselves, but we can inform the readers of PUCK how to tell the marks of a good mule. By the shoes. If the mule hits you square in the face, he will leave the impression of his hind-shoes, sure, and people will think you are wearing them for luck. The proper way to work the mule is to place a barrel behind him, stand on it and suddenly ram a sharp stick into him. Then you will get your marks.

A SCIENTIFIC EXCHANGE gives a thrilling account of a man who was recently stung by a spider, and whose body swelled to twice its natural size. A young man living in a boarding-house having seen the item, and being endowed with superhuman ingenuity, captured one of the venomous insects, placed it in a small box, and took it to the table with him, and when they brought on their dwarf chops and fish-balls, he quietly drew out his exaggerating insect, and goaded it to sting his portion of the banquet. But then he made for a poor inoffensive piece of steak of Tom Thumb proportions. The spider gave one or two convulsive twitches, rolled up the whites of its eyes, and dropped dead.

PUCK'S PATENT "BIG PROFIT" STREET-CAR.

[BETTER THAN "MOVE UP IN FRONT!"]



CONDUCTOR:—"HOLD ON A MINUTE, TILL I GIVE HER ANOTHER TWIST, AN' I'LL LET YOU ON!"

A MORNING IDYL.

The other morning Mr. Jinglebone occupied, or rather used up something like fifteen minutes in getting his vest on. He was feeling first-rate, and was whistling the latest popular air as he strutted up and down the room.

He was saying to his wife that he hoped sausages would soon be introduced at breakfast, and drifted off into a sunny medley of words that showed his idea of a brilliant winter-food prospect.

He had already performed the most trying parts of his toilet. He had pulled on his Wellingtons over a pair of socks with holes in the toes, without drawing the said socks up around his ankles.

He had already forced his head through the button-hole at the top of his shirt, because that button-hole had worn so very large that he might have thrust his head through it with his hat on.

And he had lost his collar-button, and seen it roll across the floor just so fast that when he tried to crack his hand down on it, as a boy does on a butterfly, it managed to elude him, and roll under the bureau, and land in the crack nearest the wall. And he had got on his hands, knees and forehead like an Oriental making a salaam, and run both eyes out a couple of inches under the bureau, and was finally obliged to shift the bureau, and remove the collar-button from the crack with a hair-pin.

Then he had brushed himself off, and sewed the button-hole smaller, and got the collar-button in all right, and felt very happy. He had selected the collar he would wear that day, and had moistened the end of his finger, and run it along the top of the collar to take off the saw-edge and make it wearable.

He had got through spitting out the bristles of the tooth-brush he bought in the country last summer for thirty cents, and had reversed his cuffs after the manner of the struggling composer.

He had mended his suspenders with wire, an undertaking which he had been putting off for weeks. He had likewise blacked his foot-gear—yes, he had blacked them, and, to his wife's horror, had put his feet up on the clean white window-sill during the operation—and he felt that he was dressed, and was filled with pleasant anticipations of his breakfast.

So when he came to putting on his vest, the last words of his wife's lecture for placing his feet on the window-sill died out like a fairy echo, and he felt as happy as a lord.

He had heard his wife ask him several times which dress she had better wear to breakfast, and had told her it made no difference to him, because she looked as divine in one as the other, and he had stood by the window looking out at the sparrows twittering in the vines whose leaves were just beginning to lose their summer greenness. It made him sure that a regular autumnal sharpness was in the air, because the old brindled cat had come down off the paling-top, and was sleeping in a corner of the yard warmed by the early sun.

He had said over fifty times:

"I wonder if that bell is ever going to ring?"

And his wife had replied on each and every occasion:

"I wish you would learn to have patience."

But finally the bell rang. No bell in the hand of a professional bell-ringer ever sounded so lovely in his ears.

That was the time he grabbed his vest. He held it by the collar in his right hand, and thrust his left arm through the arm-hole, and went on whistling. Then he began to reach around with his right hand to find the other arm-hole, but he couldn't find it to save his life. It had evidently strayed off somewhere.

THE OLD DEMOCRACY IN PERIL.



THE RIVAL BOOTBLACKS.

He finally reached up on his back, and ran his hand into one of the pockets, and began to feel provoked.

He stood still a few moments and thought where the arm-hole must be, and then shot his hand out as hard as he could. It didn't find the arm-hole, though; but the force of the blow whirled him clean around on his heel, and the ends of his fingers came in contact with the wall so hard that they were bent against the top of his hand and almost knocked out of the sockets.

Then he began to howl. You could have cooked eggs in his language. His wife enjoyed it immensely, and asked him why he didn't get ready in time for breakfast instead of complaining that the breakfast was never ready for him, and as her words died out he made another terrific thrust and ran his hand under the back-strap, and said:

"There!"

Before he could run his arm under the strap, or ascertain that it was the strap and not the arm-hole, the buckle fastened its fangs into the palm of his hand, and he let go of it as though it were a hornet, and pulled his hand away, and rubbed it on the sofa to take the fire out.

In an instant he was on his feet, and commenced running around after his vest as a dog chases his tail in wild dusty circles. And he ran around until he became tired and dizzy, and dropped on the nearest chair. And then his wife told him she wanted to get to breakfast, and she couldn't see why in the world he should go and thrust his left arm through both arm-holes of his vest, and then go on like a madman because he couldn't find a third arm-hole for his right arm. And then he opened his eyes and took his arm out of the arm-holes and put on his vest properly. But he looked as though he would rather have hurled it on the floor and danced all over it.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

FREE LUNCH.

It is stated by *Nature* that crackers play a very conspicuous part in the superstitions of the Chinese. This is very true. Now, if a Chinaman washes your vest, and gets it covered with great rust-spots in the ironing, don't go and blow him up, for he will pretend he does n't understand you. Just throw a butter-cracker on the floor and crush it under your heel, and the Chinaman will drop everything, grab your vest, and do it all over, because he will think if he doesn't he will be taken back to China and beheaded. Just stick a sea-biscuit on your breast like a liver-pad, when you go in for your things, and the Chinaman will wait on you first, as the cracker will tell him that you are on intimate terms with Confucius. You can get more fidelity and solid work out of a Chinaman with a soda-cracker than you can with an Evarts speech and a club.

AN INVETERATE smoker recently knocked out an adversary in an argument by stating that all the human beings who die at ten or thereabout are persons that never used the weed in any form.

IT IS at this season of the year that college athletic clubs lay in a stock of railroad-sandwiches to be used for foot-balls. They also make splendid bases to be used in base-ball.

THE MAN who owns a swell cottage at the sea-shore is not such a big gun as he was about two months ago.

A TIME-TABLE—The One Purchased on the Installment Plan.

LEADING FEATURES—The Nose and Chin.

THE DOG'S DAY.

The small dog always knows the day he is to be washed, just as the large dog knows the day set apart for him to make a long pedestrian tour on the tread-mill that works the churn-dasher.

And when his day arrives, the small dog has a suspicious, sneaking expression in his eyes, and when he approaches the plate placed on the floor for him to eat from, he looks cautiously around, as though he thinks it bait fixed in some trap to secure him.

And when he hears the cook turn the faucet on in the kitchen, he feels like the murderer whose reverie is disturbed by a hammer-blow on the gallows, and he shoots out and lies on the lawn and trembles, and looks like a dog who has no fixed headquarters, and is the recipient of many gratuitous bricks and tin kettles.

And there he lies on the lawn, with one eye fixed firmly on the front door, and the other on that portion of the fence where there is a picket gone. And when he hears the knob turn he jumps like a shot, and never touches the ground until he strikes the other side of the aperture in the fence; and then he sneaks off and lies down in the tall weeds, and wonders why in the world he was ever born. His life is one series of troubles.

"If I go out alone," says the dog: "boys throw stones at me; if I go out and affiliate with my fellow-dogs, and try to be a dog among dogs, I get chewed; if I stay in the house, and try to be a good, obedient little dog, they torture me by putting a paper soldier-cap on my head, and making me sit up and hold a lath like

a gun; and they won't give me anything to eat unless I sit up, and my hind-legs are worn out right down to the bones. The other day I got a burr fastened into one of my ears, and instead of cutting the hair away and taking it out painlessly, they grasped the burr and tried to pull it out. They did pull it out—they pulled out a handful of hair, too, and lifted me off the ground. My only chance for peace is to roll in the mud; then they won't touch me."

And the small dog lies flat on the ground and trembles like an aspen when he hears his name called in such an imperative manner that he knows there is a bath in store for him.

But he doesn't respond. He simply lies flatter, and trusts that they won't know where he is. But his heart sinks when he hears them tell the small boy to fetch him, because he is aware of the fact that the small boy knows just where to look for him. And in another instant the boy shoots through the fence and goes in the direction of the dog. And when their eyes meet, the dog looks as though he has been detected stealing something off the table, and he sneaks off a few steps; but, in reply to the boy's stern command, turns over on his back and looks as though he is trying to die. And the dog is speedily placed in the boy's arms and borne to the house. He looks very resigned as he is being lugged to the bath-room, and when placed in the tub his expression is simply pitiful. He gathers himself in a sort of ball, and his tail shoots so far under him that he can bite the end of it. And then the girls put on aprons and roll up their sleeves, and douse a handful of water on the dog. This causes the dog to shiver and whine and wink in a woful manner.

At this time they rub the soap on his back, and, as they press it on pretty hard, the dog loses his footing and flops down in the water, and jumps suddenly up and shakes the suds off upon the girls and the ceiling. Then he tries to scramble up the side of the bath-tub, and seems frightened half out of his wits. But he is rudely pushed back into the water, and he looks as though his heart is going to break.

His eyes stand out and tremble, and he is afraid to open them for fear he will get soap in them. And all the time his teeth chatter so hard that they sound like a box of dominos being shuffled. And then he is held under the faucet, in spite of his desperate struggles and the mute appeals of his eyes.

But he struggles so hard that he is taken from under the faucet, which is stopped, and he laid on his back in the water, and dragged up and down the tub for a few minutes, when he is pronounced washed.

He looked like a dog before, but now his hair sticks close to his skin, and he has more the appearance of a squirrel.

The first thing he does is to shake himself. And then he shoots down-stairs as though in a fit, and runs out into the middle of the road, and lies down in the dust, and rolls, and rolls, and rolls, and arises and shakes himself, and then returns to his spine, and holds his legs up in the air, and gapes until he seems to be laughing, and rolls, and rolls, and rolls, out of pure unmitigated cussedness.

And then he is happy because he knows he will not have to go through a similar ordeal for a week.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PUCK'S DUDE CHAMPIONS.

Harper's Weekly HAVING PUBLISHED THE PORTRAIT OF THE CHAMPION LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER, PUCK CARRIES THE IDEA A LITTLE FURTHER.



Miss Mamie Taff,
American Chewing-Gum Champion.



Mr. Hildebrandt Montrose Brown.
Champion Polo Player.



Miss Dizzy Williams,
Champion Caramel Destroyer.



Mr. Ferdinand La Belle Smith,
Champion Cigarette Smoker.



Mr. Cholly Sill,
Champion Tight Trousers Wearer, with Portrait of Legs.



Miss Flossy Johnson,
Champion Pearl Powder Slinger.

POPPY AN' DER GEESE.

Dear ole Poppy Hardtack was er bery merry feller;
His age was sixty-one or nine, an' his voice was bery meller—
An' his gait was not quite steady, an' his eyes were kinder dim,
An' he usedter say you neber could play any games on *him*.

One day, when der wild gales ob September were er-rippin'
Down through Locust Valley, all der gray-haired boys were nippin'
Roberson County punches in der little village store,
When der youngster ob der grocer put his black head in der door.

Der youngster shouted: "Ole Pop! if you wants ter have some fun,
Just pull yerself togedder an' grab dat rusty gun:
Both barrels am all loaded—she 'll go off as slick as grease—
Hurry! from der nor'ward comes er flyin' flock ob geese!"

We all rushed for der doorway, an' ole Poppy grabbed der gun—
We looked—an' saw er flock ob geese between us an' der sun.
Der wind blew like an editor erbout his circulation—
An' der geese came flyin' toward us widout any variation.

Ebery goose was white as milk—der largest led der flock;
An' when dey 'd 'bout got oberhead, dere was er drefiul shock—
We thought it was er earthquake—it was only Poppy's gun;
Der flock flew on er little ways, den came down on der run.

Dey had fallen into Higgins's yard—we scrambled o'er der fence.
(We congratulated Poppy—said his shootin' was immense.)
When we got upon der oder side, among er lot ob plants,
We found—er line ob piller-cases, shirts an' white duck pants!

You see, er-line, up-country, in der wild September gales,
Had parted from some fences, an' southerlyward sot sail—
An' der wind had filled der shirts an' t'ings, an' made ole Poppy t'ink
Dar was "geese" enough among der "flock" ter fill his puss wid chink.

You 'd oughter hearn der frightful swears dat dat ole man ripped out!
I guess der Recordin' Angel did n't know what he 's about—
For he stuck his head out ob er cloud, 'n' said, "Pop, please understand"
Dat your bery humble servant neber learned ter write short-han'!"

JOHN E. MCCANN.

SLIP'S STEED.

When Dudley Slip, a few weeks ago, drew up his half-yearly balance-sheet, the result was so satisfactory that, finding himself able to look a bank director in the eye, and to step up and ask the sheriff for a match, he resolved to realize a hitherto impossible dream and purchase a horse. Now, to own a horse indicates super-solvency, as a landau and span marks a state of affluence, and a four-in-hand insolent, dividend-receiving, coupon-cutting wealth. Mr. Slip's surplus and desires alike being limited, his ambition reached no higher than a single inexpensive steed and a modest top-buggy. He obtained both of these at a price not exceeding twice what they were worth, which was doing very well, considering the fact that transactions in stock, whether equine or railroad, have a tendency to weaken the honesty of those having the article for sale.

One afternoon he stood on his seven-by-nine lawn, contemplating his purchase with a satisfaction greatly increased by the probability that the Kinneys, who lived opposite, were secretly peeping from behind their blinds and envying him this evidence of prosperity. The horse was a small animal, of an undecided and hesitating black which looked as if it would have been brown could it have made up its mind. He had a sour and serious physiognomy, despondent ears, and a general appearance of having met with some great disappointment early in life which had destroyed all his budding young hopes and aspirations. Absolutely devoid of ambition, and totally lacking interest in everything under the sun, he belonged to that class of horses that start out fresh in the morning with exactly the same disgusted and *blasé* air with which they haul up at the end of a long day's drive—an equine Thomas Carlyle, pessimist from forelock to hoof.

Nevertheless, in spite of all drawbacks, he was a horse, like Bucephalus, Bayard and Roland—and if he did not paw in the valley and say "Ha! ha!" among the trumpets, it was presumably because he was too much subdued in spirit for such demonstrations, or possibly was unaware that they were required of him—and indeed they were not.

After Dudley had sufficiently admired his acquisition, he concluded to put it in the stable. Suddenly the terrible reality struck him with Sullivanian force. He hadn't any stable! The negotiations for the purchase had so absorbed him that he never once thought of this somewhat important matter. What should he do? There was no livery-stable within four miles. Mrs. Slip came out and took in the situation. Then she commented on it, besides giving her opinion as to her spouse's administrative abilities. Then she pondered.

"Put him in the shed," said Mrs. Slip, at last.

"But it is full of wood," objected Dudley.

"The wood can stay outdoors better than the horse."

"But who will carry out the wood?"

"You will!" rejoined Mrs. S.

The wood was carried out by Mr. Slip without further discussion. There are times when the domestic atmosphere is so full of malaria that a prudent man doesn't care to open his mouth.

With great difficulty the animal was unharnessed, led into his quarters and made fast to a grindstone which stood there. He looked around with a sort of Marius-among-the-ruins-of-Carthage expression, and then appeared to abandon himself to gloomy musings.

Then the Slips went in to tea, and soon afterward to bed.

About midnight a most unearthly racket, accompanied with tremendous thumps that shook the house, broke in upon their slumbers.

"Maria! Maria! Wake up!" screamed Mr. Slip, plunging about in the thick darkness, half asleep and wholly terrified: "it's a cyclone, and we shall be blown into eternity!"

"Cyclone yourself," responded Mrs. Slip, awaking in full possession of her faculties—and tongue: "the horse is loose—that's what's the matter. Go down and fasten him!"

"But it's dangerous! He may be savage."

"It isn't half so dangerous for you as it will be after I come back, if I have to go down and do it!"

Mr. Slip went.

The noises continued and swelled into a crazy symphony of crashes, bangs and rattles, which evidently proceeded from the kitchen adjoining the shed. Mr. Slip succeeded in getting a light, after having applied a burning match to his fore-finger, under the bewildered impression that he was lighting the candle. A cautious peep into the kitchen revealed his steed, still attached to the grindstone, "cast" and prostrate on the floor in the midst of a confused heap of furniture and utensils, which were being rapidly reduced to fine fragments by the unfortunate beast's frantic kicks and struggles. The calcium-light of conviction again illumined the dark corners of Mr. Slip's understanding. He had entirely forgotten that horses require food and water at least once in twenty-four hours, and had neglected to provide his charge with these necessary articles. The horse had dragged his anchor, so to speak, and had gone after the sustenance he stood so greatly in need of—an expedition which naturally resulted in disaster to equine and furniture alike.

It is evident that Mr. Slip was utterly incapable of dealing with such a complicated mass of misfortune, and he didn't attempt it. In this crisis he had to undergo the humiliation of calling up that disagreeable Kinney over the way, who, if he didn't own a horse, at least knew how to manage one. Mr. Kinney came, saw—and rescued the charger. He indemnified himself for his labors by a number of extremely sarcastic observations upon Mr. Slip's abilities and qualifications as a horse-owner which cut the latter gentleman to the quick.

Next morning Dudley reckoned up the damage and found it to be \$87.95. The same day he sold his horse. The amateur horse-trader is like the amateur dealer in "broken lots" of stock—he pays more than the market price and sells for less. So it was in the present instance. Then Dudley was complained of by the S. P. C. A. for neglect to feed and water the animal, was convicted and fined \$50, besides costs and counsel-fees. When he closed his ledger account headed "Horse," he found a balance on the wrong side of \$312.84.

For some time after this Mrs. Slip was not "dressed up" by Dudley as formerly; but, on the other hand, Dudley was "dressed down" by Mrs. Slip a good deal more than before.

M. P.

"THE TRUNK HE LEFT BEHIND HIM."



HERE IS A CHANCE FOR A GENIUS WHO CAN ADAPT A TOUCHING OLD AIR TO THE USE OF BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS.

LEFT!

A summer evening,
A low square room,
One half moon-lighted
And half in gloom.
From out the stillness
A girl's voice floats,
And charms my soul
With its sad sweet notes.
The music draws me,
With witchery sweet,
To lay my heart
At the singer's feet.
I pause a moment,
And, while I wait,
I hear the latch
Of the garden-gate.
A shadow darkens
The moonlit square—
A touch falls soft
On the girl's bright hair
A sudden silence—
A startled cry—
And they are happy!
But where am I?

M. M. K.

THE ECONOMICS OF FASHION.

This is the time of the year at which the professional poetess takes a look at her straw hat, and decides that it will do very well for the Fall, if covered with velvet and embowered in feathers. None of her city friends has seen the hat, because she bought it just as she was leaving for the rural districts for the heated term. That hat is only known to the people she met at the old broken-down farm-house in the Berkshire hills, and none of them lives in New York, and she is consequently safe. Besides, she will soak it in water over night, and iron it in the morning, and get it into the prevailing shape recognized by the devotees of fashion.

And then she will go to some cheap sale, and purchase a large steel buckle for seven cents, and a lot of inferior lining, velvet, tips, etc., and then drift over to Broadway and purchase a feather for eighteen dollars.

After she goes home, she will spend several days trimming it, and after it is all trimmed and refulgent with beauty, she will go out and meet a friend who has on a brand-new ready-made hat which is far prettier than hers, and which cost only fifteen dollars.

This will cause the young lady to realize the fact that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy of the damozel who considers it economy to revamp old things. But when the winter arrives, and the dress-turning fever sets in, the same young lady will purchase a cheap bird and a lot of other things used for the purpose of decorating the hat beautiful, and make herself a more expensive winter-hat than her society sister buys ready-made. And the only thing that keeps her from using it a second summer is that her little brother adroitly purloins it, and adjusts it on the end of a pole, thus making at once a light, airy and substantial scap-net, in view of the approaching crabbing season.

LITERARY NOTES.

There are plenty of people, even now, who quote Goldsmith's gloomy poem of "John Gilpin" with a firm assurance that it is a gem of rollicking humor. These, and all others who have been tortured with that depressing doggerel, will remember that though on pleasure Mrs. Gilpin was bent, she had a frugal mind. This fact is Miss Susan Anna Brown's excuse for putting a Kate-Greenaway Mrs. Gilpin on the cover of her clever little book of "Frugalities," published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The Frugalities are simple and sensible receipts for home-made dainties, and if the masculine intellect may judge from reading them, they explain the composition of edibles as wholesome and sweet and pleasant as the good plain English name of the author.

The October *Century* is as bright as a bunch of golden-rod on a south-slope pasture. It contains more of the great puzzle-story, "The Breadwinners." Everybody is guessing at the name of the author of that brilliant serial. Our contribution to the general fund of conjecture is merely the following remark, dropped by Mr. V. Hugo Dusenbury, P. P., in our office, the other day, and swept up by the porter at night:

"Who says a poet can't write prose? I intended to call it 'The Cake-Snatchers,' but altered the title on account of a cash proposal from a prominent flour-manufacturer."

A BARGAIN FOR UNCLE SAM.



DANA, THE CLOTHIER:—"Allow me to recommend the Holman Suit, my friend. It is cheap and reliable, and will fit you like the paper on the wall!"

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers publish "The Fair Enchantress," by Miss M. C. Keller, of Louisiana. On page 330 we read:

"Mora, nothing can separate us now."
"Nothing, Erle, nothing."

Then come seven asterisks. Any man who has had the pleasure of reading many of the Petersons' publications knows that back of that clinging climax there is a bushel of heart-break, a peck or two of passion, and several dozen assorted Claudines, Moras, Ednas, Sir Guys and beautiful creoles. Cheap for seventy-five cents.

The Scribners also publish "Recollections of a Naval Officer," by Captain W. H. Parker, which recollections cover the period from 1841 to 1865, a time that should be of interest to every American. The style of the book is simple, unaffected and readable. It deals with interestingly gory events.

We cannot approve of the Jay-Gouldish art of the *Manhattan* for October; but the rest of the magazine is bright and entertaining. It contains an autumn polonaise by Miss Edith M. Thomas, which shows that the young lady keeps her Muse in good training.

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark has just finished in *Outing* a charming story in five parts called "A Pretty Face." The face is so pretty that it doesn't require any powder or a bit of court-plaster to improve it, and it is so lovely that we wish there was more of it.

Harper's Monthly for October has a story in it which would tempt the dying anchorite to turn his weary soul back to the world and read it through to the end. It is called "The Wood-Nymph," and is by Tighe Hopkins.

Answers for the Anxious.

J. A. K.—Thanks.

HASELTINE.—Tell her there is a new edition of "PICKINGS FROM PUCK."

AGGLOMERATE.—We don't understand you. Do you wish to know something? Do you wish to complain of something? What is the matter with you, anyway? May our editorial curse be on the man who taught you to write, and on the parents who cut you off with a shilling's worth of brains.

ANTI-DUDE.—Oh, come, now, descend from the mansard; come off the roof. It is getting a little wearisome to hear the dude abused by men in ready-made clothes that would scare a gunny-bag manufacturer; and when the scornful satirist calls trousers "pants," spells fashion without an *i* and squirt with an *e*, and writes his poem on the back of a liver-pad circular—why, then the dude begins to appear in the light of a desirable companion and an ornament to our civilization.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

With shows that are new, and that are not shabby, Henry E. Abbey, Henry E. Abbey

His opera will run on a novel plan,
With Nilsson, Sembrich and Campanini,
Capoul, Del Puente, and Corsini,
Valleria, Scalchi, Lablache, Contini,
Trebelli, Stagno, Guadagnini,
And others who do not end in *ini*,
And 32 coryphées from Milan,
With Cavalazzi to lead the van.

Man, man, man, man!
Think, if you can,
How you'll feel when you scan
Thirty-two coryphées from Milan!

Dante, Mr. George H. Boker, and the pluck and good sense which induced Mr. Barrett to put on a good American play, are receiving due honor at the hands of New Yorkers, who now fill the STAR THEATRE. Mr. Barrett has found his best part in *Lanciotto*, and he plays it with fire and feeling.

Aimée and Nixan divide the honors this week at the 5TH AVENUE THEATRE. Aimée sings *Bettina* in the "Mascotte," and Nixan appears as *Boccaccio*, the lamented Sunday-school superintendent and general moralist, in the opera of that name. This is equivalent to bringing out two new operas—New York has not heard them before as it may hear them now.

Mr. J. K. Emmet is consumed with a desire to sing "Sweet Violets." He has had to go to Brooklyn to do it, and he and a good deal more audience than the house will hold are now at HAVERLY'S THEATRE.

The air of the CASINO agrees with *Prince Methusalem*, who is having a regular Hazel Kirke of a time there. On Sunday nights the extra-sacred concerts continue.

DALY'S THEATRE opens next week, with the champion team, Rehan and Drew, the Maud S. and Jay Eye See of comedy, and likewise with the rest of the fine company. Mr. Daly also announces the début of a dude.

"The Rajah" and "The Silver King," two dramatic monopolists who will not go, are at the MADISON SQUARE and the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, respectively. "The Merry Duchess" is still spreading contagious merriment through the blue-cushioned seats of the STANDARD. Miss Charlotte Thompson, in Mr. H. St. Maur's anti-Fédora Russian piece, is atoning for "Yakie" at the TWENTY-THIRD STREET THEATRE. At the THIRD AVENUE, Mr. Joseph Murphy is making himself extremely popular. "Her Atonement" has come back to the FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, and means to have it out with the critics on the old ground. And alack and alas, that a good thing should pass, "The Mulligan Guard Ball" has rolled to an end at the THEATRE COMIQUE.



OFFICE OF "PUCK," 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

BLUNDELL
The Democrats Have Their Regular



GILLAM

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

ENDING AGAIN!
Regular Andy Just as They Come in Sight of Land.

DEAR DELIGHTS.

A SOUVENIR OF SUMMER.

BY H. C. DODGE.

This
picture, made
at Rockaway, my an-
gel thinks is funny. To
her it is. She spent the
day, but I spent all my money.

lovelier than
plates of cream
her.) Her words were

* O O *
* U *
* * *

she'd

Her

the

glan

ces

thrilled me, every one.

(Five dollars went for

dinner.) Her conversation me

entranced. (The candies

cost two-

ed.

(Bouquets,

and then

her hand I pressed. (Five sc

ales told

she was weighty.) Sweet

sentiments she

oft expressed. (The car-

riage cost three-

than once I heard her

she had to enter.) She

er she caught my eye.

bakes did content her.)

then I tried to pop

art kept beating!) b

wouldn't stop one

her eating. When

fortune spent, she

of marriage; so I w

without a cent to send

carriage. This picture, ma

away, might

be funny, if I had

the day an d she had

spent th e money.

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FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCC.

HE THINKS HE HAS' MALARIA.



Ya-as, it's widic-
ulously absurd and
quite too pweposter-
wous, y' know, but
I weally begin to
believe that I have
the aw malarwia.

I am fwee to con-
fess that I don't
compwehend this
sort of pwoceeding
at all, and am wa-
tah h pwedisposed

to look upon it as a aw species of pwactical joke
on the part of Nachah. But if I am wight,
Nachah displays extwemely bad taste, faw pwac-
tical joking is only fit faw cads and b-b-boys,
and is generwally considahed fwightfully bad
fawm.

Howevah, as I have wemarked on severah
pwevious occasions, one cannot expect to find
things he-ah in the same state of pwe-eminent
perfection in which they aw flourwsh in oldah
countwies; in England, faw instance.

I have had faw a considerwable perwiod of
time an acute distwess in varwious parts of my
materwial being. There is a pain in my lum-
bah vertebwæ, and anothah pain of a bwutal
sort between my shoudahs. I have also a species
of headache which is neithah bilious nor
neuwalgic, but verwy dweadful. I aw fwequently
wefuse my pwog, and, I wegwet to say, my gwog
also. This last wemark impwesses me as being
singulahly like poetwy. Perwhaps that is a part
of the b-b-beastly disordah. It certainly is not
a sign of thorwough health.

Besides, I have contwacted a habit of going
off into the most widiculous fits of shiverwing

and twembling, like one of these mechanical
constwuctions with which I have observed the
farmahs he-ah thweshing their wheat and othah
cerweals. When an Amerwican says corn, he
wefers only to those sticks with seeds all ovah
them which an Englishman would give to his
pigs. He calls wheat wheat and wye wye, and
has no generwic name faw the whole agwicul-
turwal kit and boodle.

When I stop twembling and twitterwing like
an absurd sparwov, I pwomptly indulge in a
fewah, and my wife gives me sweet spirwits of
nitah. I wemarked to her the othah day:

"My de-ah Marguerwite, I am led to infer,
fwom the mannah in which you tweat me, that
you considah me a pwey to the Amerwican
malarwia."

"You are wight, Fwancis," she weplied: "and
it is time faw you to take your quinine."

"My de-ah Marguerwite," I weturned: "I
will dwink my dwaught, because you desi-ah it;
but I definitively wufuse to wegard myself as a
sufferwah fwom malarwia. Your countwymen
—I say it without diswespect—may suffah fwom
malarwia; but it is morwally impossible that a
Fitznoodle should have any twouble of so we-
cent invention or discovery. If this were
gout, I should wegard it as quite the weguhah
and pwopah thing; but the ide-ah of a malarwi-
ous Fitznoodle is wepugnant to all my pwecon-
ceived ideas and imbibed impwessions."

"Nevahtheless, Fwank," Mrs. Fitznoodle we-
joined, with stwiking common-sense: "you ap-
pe-ah to have the malarwia, and if you will
take this physic, which has the appearance
of quinine, the appearance of malarwia will
pwobably ultimately disape-ah."

I took my dwaught in silence.

"Perhaps," she considerwately added: "you
are gwadually becoming naturwalized."

I said nothing maw; but her wemark wather
twoubled me. I think there is something in
her idea of weturning to Eurwope aw.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE YOUNG lady looks tenderly upon the
flowers she gathered on the mountains last sum-
mer, and jingles up the shells she picked up at
the sea-shore, and thinks about the fellows who
helped her find them, while her mind is filled
with sentimental dreams, and she sends off
about fifty cards. And in about a week, when
she hears the bell ring, she is all in a flutter, es-
pecially as no card has been sent up, and she is
afraid to say she is out, lest peradventure it may
be some one she wants to see; and, oh! how sick
she is when she flies down to the parlor and
finds there the red-headed youth who bothered
her all the season, and to whom she sent no
card!

THE MAN that peddles apples out of a wagon
puts the largest ones on top. The man who
sells apples on a street-stand also puts the largest
ones on top, and every one picks them out, and
leaves the small ones on his hands. This, dearly
beloved, is very rough on the keeper of the
street-stand, and proves that there are sermons
in apples.

THE FASTIDIOUS young lady who teaches a
class at Sunday-school, and considers it decid-
edly naughty and wicked to steal a pin, thinks
nothing of securing money from her husband
to purchase a number of pairs of new kid
gloves, and then go and have the old ones fixed
up and dyed, so that her lord will not recognize
them, while she spends the money for caramels
and ice-cream.

A MAN WAS found lying dead in front of a
wash-basin on the third floor of an up-town
dwelling. As the water was running, it is sup-
posed the shock of the discovery killed him.

THE SMALL boy dances with delight,
And knows a sweet Arabian Night
Exempt from sorrow and all fret
When smoking a corn-silk cigarette.

OH, FOR THE DAYS OF THE DEAR OLD
PANIER!

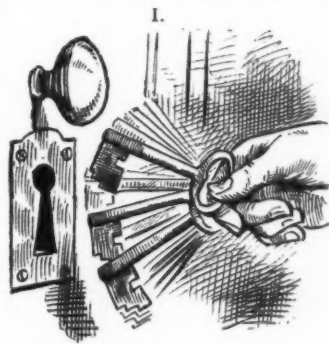
AND THEN WE MIGHT MAKE OUR WIVES BRING
THEIR OWN SARATOGAS HOME FROM THE COUNTRY.

PET PHRASES.

Which we would like to see speedily eliminated from all dramatic productions.

All goes well.
 I am better now.
 Let us talk apart.
 We are observed.
 Come hither, boy.
 Perfidious wretch.
 At last I am alone.
 Unhand me, villain!
 The dastard villain.
 Must we, then, part?
 But I must dissemble.
 Let us forget the past.
 Base villain, leave me!
 Her relentless pursuer.
 Talk not to me of love.
 Begone, ungrateful child!
 Is this a time for jesting?
 And may a father's curse—
 He drove me from his door.
 Take back your sordid gold.
 Before heaven I am innocent.
 I will follow him to the death.
 I have never ceased to love you.
 Gimlet, the detective, never fails!
 The dear old home is unchanged.
 Stand off, if you value your life!
 Your tale has touched me deeply.
 The future shines bright before us.
 His presence fills me with loathing.
 At nine, then, by the old castle gates.
 Are you, then, absolutely implacable?
 Believe me, I would not for one instant—
 Go, and may Heaven forgive you as I do.
 Don't trifle with me; I have you in my power.
 I will be revenged for this, Jasper Harcourt.
 They little know that beneath this smiling face—
 Augustus, I swear to you that never for one moment—
 Wed you, Wynbert Mandolin? Never! I would beg first!
 Twenty years ago your father confided to me this document.
 In Dakota our terrible story is unknown. There a happy home awaits us, my darling.

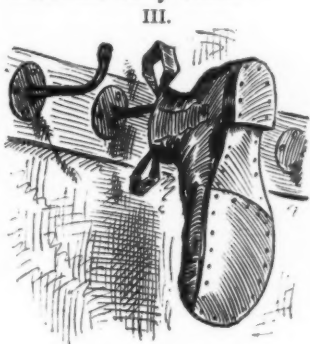
PUCK'S FAMILY TEMPERANCE PRIMER.



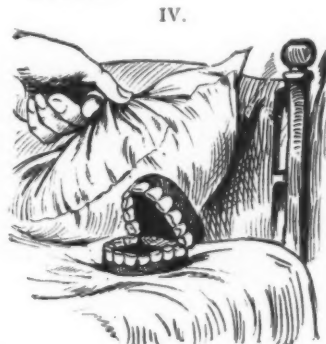
I.
 See the Key and the Key-hole. The Key can-not find the Key-hole.



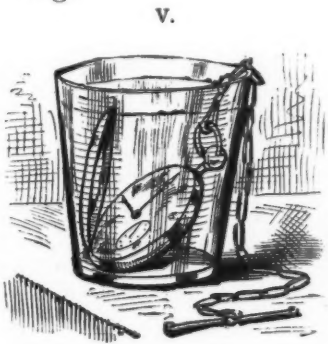
II.
 Is the Hat on the Peg? No; the Hat is on the Floor.



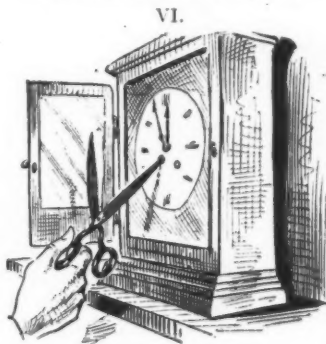
III.
 But the Shoe is on the Peg.



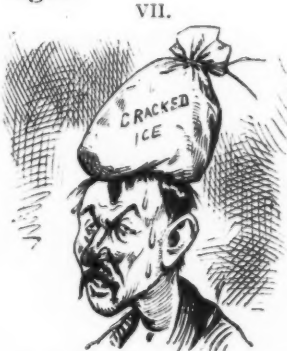
IV.
 See the False Teeth. They are un-der the Pil-low.



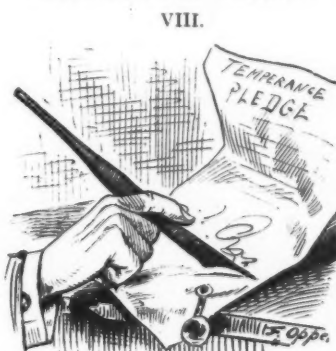
V.
 Is the Watch un-der the Pil-low? No; it is Lodge-night.



VI.
 It is a Clock and a pair of Shears. Can you wind the Clock with the Shears?



VII.
 A Man and a Bag. A Big Bag and a Big Head.



VIII.
 Can the man write? Well, I should smile.

THERE is no other time in life that a boy of sixteen thinks so industriously, and is so much perplexed, as at the time when he stands out on the corner, at the age of sixteen, and feels his chin, and wonders whether he had better go to the barber just behind him and get his first shave, or go home and use his father's razor surreptitiously. And when he decides to try the barber, he backs out on the steps, because he feels very queer, and tries to make himself believe he would laugh and have his throat cut.

JANE, JR.

Jane, jr., has hair like wheat—
 Golden in its color,
 Only of the two the wheat
 Is by far the duller.

Eyes as brown as nuts that fall
 In the late October:
 Full of fun in jesting times,
 Tender in the sober.

Lips that sometimes make you feel
 All the time like tasting;
 So much sweetness seems a sin
 To be idly wasting.

Hands—such handy little hands,
 Dimpled deep and ruddy—
 Just the kind of hands, you know,
 For a lifetime study.

When the cows come up the lane,
 When the sun is setting,
 When the dew is falling soft,
 Grass and daisies wetting—

Jane, jr., stands by the bars,
 And I stand beside her,
 Feeling that I'd like to share
 All that may betide her.

Share the bad and bitter things,
 Share the sweets and honey,
 Share her ups and share her downs,
 Share the old man's money.

Little lumps, fast in my throat,
 Please to skip and let me
 Tell my love of all my love
 That has long beset me.

O ye gods! to love's young dream
 What a brisk death-rattle!
 "Stop that spooning, Nancy Jane,
 And hurry up the cattle!"

Jane, jr., to milking speeds,
 Dutiful sixteen-year,
 While I seek some quiet spot,
 Cussing Jane the senior.
 S. B. McMANUS.

WE ARE told by an exchange how shirts accumulate, but we never knew they did it that way before. Shirts accumulate by sending them to a laundry to be washed. Say you start out with a dozen new ones. In two months you have eight, all told. Three of them belong to the original dozen of new ones, and the other five are all old and torn at the shoulders, and have button-holes large enough to stick your head through, and are marked "Ferguson" or something else. You see, the shirts accumulate in the bureau-drawer of some one else, when you send them to the laundry to be washed. The only time that it is a safe speculation to send linen to the laundry is when it is so well worn that if you don't get it back you will lose nothing, and certainly get back nothing worse, while you may get something far better. But who ever heard of a man getting back anything better than he sent?

ON THE gentian and the aster,
 On the aster and the gentian,
 The girl with alabaster
 Hands
 Lands

With lovely condescension
 Too lovely for to mention
 By the babbling woodland brooks,
 And she packs them all in books.

NO ONE understands the mysteries of palmistry better than the political candidate.

TICKLING THE POLES.—Yesterday afternoon, as the Polish procession made a long halt on Monroe Avenue, a ward politician of considerable note hurried into a store and called out to the proprietor:

"Here's my chance now! Half-a-dozen of those Poles are in the saloon after beer, and now's my time to get in a little Fall work. I want to make 'em a speech."

"Well, you may."

"But I want to tickle 'em. What was the name of that great Polish hero? Kos—Kosci—hang it, you must have heard of him!"

"Y-e-s, I have. It was either Kosmetick or Kosmopolitan, but I've forgotten which."

"Oh, blazes—they'll be gone! Kos—Kosciusko—that's the chap!"

"What did he do?"

"Hanged if I know. Let's see. There's an old poem about him, I believe."

"Yes—yes—hurry up! Hang it! Why didn't I post up on this thing yesterday!"

"And it comes in somehow: 'And freedom—and freedom—and free—'"

"Yes; I've got it."

"And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

"She did! She did! Bless you, that's a big pointer for me! He fell. Where did he fall?"

"Haven't the least idea whether it was at Austerlitz or First Bull Run. Like enough he fell off a house."

"He fell," mused the politician: "Freedom shrieked. It must have been on a battle-field. For heaven's sake try and remember what field it was."

"No use. Even if I could remember that, I wouldn't be sure that he was killed."

The politician dashed out and appealed to the first man he met with.

"Say, you—where did Kosciusko fall? Quick—I can't spare a minute!"

"On his ear, I guess!" was the heartless reply.

The orator rushed for the saloon and mounted a table; but hardly had he said: "My dear, patriotic Poles," when the band struck up and the procession moved.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE says that the novels of the day lack romantic interest—an indication that she doesn't read the novels of the day. When the heroine is a married woman, and falls in love with half-a-dozen married men inside of four chapters, and achieves three divorces before the end of the book is reached, and her first husband marries her last husband's daughter, and he loses \$500,000 in gambling; and when he is starving to death falls heir to \$1,700,000 by the death of an uncle in Holland, and, having become a widower, remarries his first wife, whose latest matrimonial acquirement has eloped with her daughter by her first marriage, and— Well, if that isn't "romantic interest" enough, Mrs. Stowe is very hard to please.—*Norristown Herald.*

THERE has always been a question whether it was the prosy sermon or the religious atmosphere that caused a man to sleep in church. It has been settled at last. It is the atmosphere. A burglar was recently discovered, surrounded by his tools, sound asleep in a pew in St. Peter's Church, Lewistown, Me. Now don't say anything more about "drowsy sermons."—*Peck's Sun.*

PITTSBURGH has a larger relative attendance in its public schools than any other city in the Union, with the exception of Boston. Probably the poor young things have to go into the school-houses in order to get out of the smoke. *Lowell Citizen.*

RAILROAD men all speak well of Vanderbilt. They never know how soon he may own the road on which they are working.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

SAD CASE OF ETHICAL CULTURE.

It was in September, 1879. The train that bore Bode Hawkins to college caught him away from the arms of his mother and the kisses of his sisters. Very glum was Bode Hawkins, and very reluctant he to go to school.

"Aw, shaw!" he growled: "I donkare to go, nuther, so what's the use? Doggone the colidge, it don't do no good, an' I won't know no more w'en I come back than I do w'en I go away. I'd drather drive a team 'r learn a trade 'r somethin'. Dod fetch the thing, anyhow."

June, 1883. Ambrose Hawkins returns to his ancestral halls on the farm; his family weep for joy. All rush to embrace him as he steps from the train. Ambrose Hawkins gazes fixedly at them through the oriel window that includes one eye, and, delicately extending two fingers for them to grasp, he murmurs:

"Aw, fathaw! gently, my de-ah fellah, gently; easy on the rings, ye know; bless you, me mo-thaw—how? no, thanks; kiss you when we get home, ye know; how do, brothaw—brothaw—well, bless me soul, but aw I've forgotten the boy's name. Sistah, de-ah, will you kindly hand these brawses for me boxes to the luggage-mawstah? Aw is this—is this—is this the vehicle?"

And all the way home the old man didn't say a word, but he just drove and thought and drove, and nearly all the night he sat up twisting hickories and laying them to soak in the watering-trough down by the cow-barn. And he told a neighbor the next day that Charles Francis Adams was right, and that "he had about four years of college l'arnin' to unl'arn fer Bode afore the boy could holler at a yoke of steers like he used to, but the boy seemed to be comin' round all right, and he reckoned he'd do, by-'n'-by."—*R. J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

A CONNECTICUT man claims to have a cat that eats cucumbers. Maybe all cats do, and that the music that we hear from the back fences, instead of being the outpourings of joyful cat-hearts, is the wail of the unrequited cucumber down in the deep recesses of the cat. Come to think of it, it looks reasonable.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE Western Indians will manage to surrender themselves to the United States authorities before the winter closes in, and will drink whiskey and draw rations and be good Indians until spring.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"PUCK ON WHEELS" has made its appearance for the fourth time. It is funny in both picture and text. Its first joke is in its title-page, where the well-known PUCK is represented guiding the destinies of a nondescript water-craft. If the paddles are wheels, that is probably the answer to the conundrum. The young coated and hatted, but not trousered, PUCK is gazing at a very fishy fish with a yearning, I-w-h-it-was-dinner-time look on his face that is satisfying to the fancy, if not to the stomach.—*Boston Folio.*

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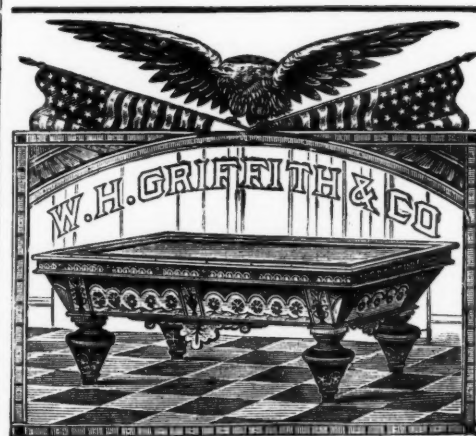
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For a walk,
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Or a talk,
In a hall,
Or a sail, or a drive, or a spread.

He has dimples on knees and on chin,
He is merry without and within;
And, our cares
To beguile,
Ever wears
Such a smile

That our faces repeat in a grin.

He is seen at his best all the time,
But at seasons his mirth is sublime;

And the pride
That he feels,
In his ride

Upon wheels,
Is too great to be mentioned in rhyme.

And the fun that your misery steals,
The humor your sorrow that heals,

In Number Four,
'S brighter,
There 's more
And it 's lighter

Than ether in PUCK UPON WHEELS.

He is welcome in every spot,
He is found in the palace and cot;

In the lane,
On the street,
On the train,
In the fleet,

He is read and he 's never forgot.

Then whatever you lose in your deals,
Whatever you make in your steals,

Ere you wander
Away

You should squander—

Let 's pay

A quarter for PUCK UPON WHEELS.

R. J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.

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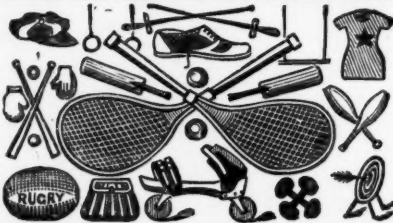
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'Tis evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly in the west,

The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tinkle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—

On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he.

And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no, sirree!
Not for all the gold his coffer holds would I be that suffer there,

With a liver-pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;

To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—

Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my pelf

To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.

Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,

With a stone bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe!

Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam

Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

—G. T. Lanigan, in *Harper's* for October.

THE Secretary of the Interior has had a queer requisition from Little Chief, a Cheyenne Indian. The chief says: "I don't care much for grub, but I do like to dress in proper style. I want the best plug hat you can purchase in the market." If the Government would arm the Indians with white plug hats instead of repeating rifles, and tight "pants" instead of fixed ammunition, and put a few dudes on the reservations with the Indians, there would be less bloodshed and more fools.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Who defeated Hancock?" asks the New York *Herald*. Well, we won't lie about our share in it. We helped, and would have done it all by "ourself" had we been able. Now let the rest of the Republican party own up, and let's see what the *Herald* is going to do about it.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE State that fails to convict Frank James, the highway robber, and makes a hero of him, should not be too fastidious about a prize-fight. If Slade and Mitchell should fight a fair fight, and maul each other half to death, they would not harm Missouri half as much as James has done dozens of times. If the prize-fighters would arm themselves with revolvers, and rob a train, they might become heroes instead of outlaws.—*Peck's Sun*.

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"Oh, no; he's my husband," was the innocent reply.—*Merchant Traveler.*

WE wish to stigmatize as an infamous falsehood the rumor floating about that the Hon. Russell Sage filled his boots during the recent cold snap with red pepper to save buying coal.—*Wall Street News.*

TWO SKUNKS is the name of a Sioux chief. There is talk in Chicago of getting him to head the procession to receive the Chicago ball club when it returns to that city.—*Boston Post.*

JAY GOULD, so we are informed, "was once a poor farmer's lad." It does not require much penetration to understand why that "poor farmer" became poor.—*Boston Transcript.*

A LOT of steel wire spring-beds have been shipped to New Zealand. The natives are tired of frying missionaries on forked sticks.—*Burlington Free Press.*

AT this season of the year the busy politician and office-seeker gets out his speech, dusts it off and oils it up, to shoot off at pumpkin-shows.—*Peck's Sun.*

MR. EVARTS's speech at the Northern Pacific Railway ceremonies weighed twenty-seven pounds and was used to drive the last spike.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IT is very unlucky to have thirteen at a table—particularly when there is only enough to satisfy the appetite of ten.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE Philadelphia nine was beaten only twice yesterday; but that was because it only played twice.—*Philadelphia Times.*

*Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for ladies of all ages who may be afflicted with any form of disease peculiar to the sex. Her Remedies are not only put up in liquid forms but in Pills and Lozenges, in which forms they are securely sent through the mails.

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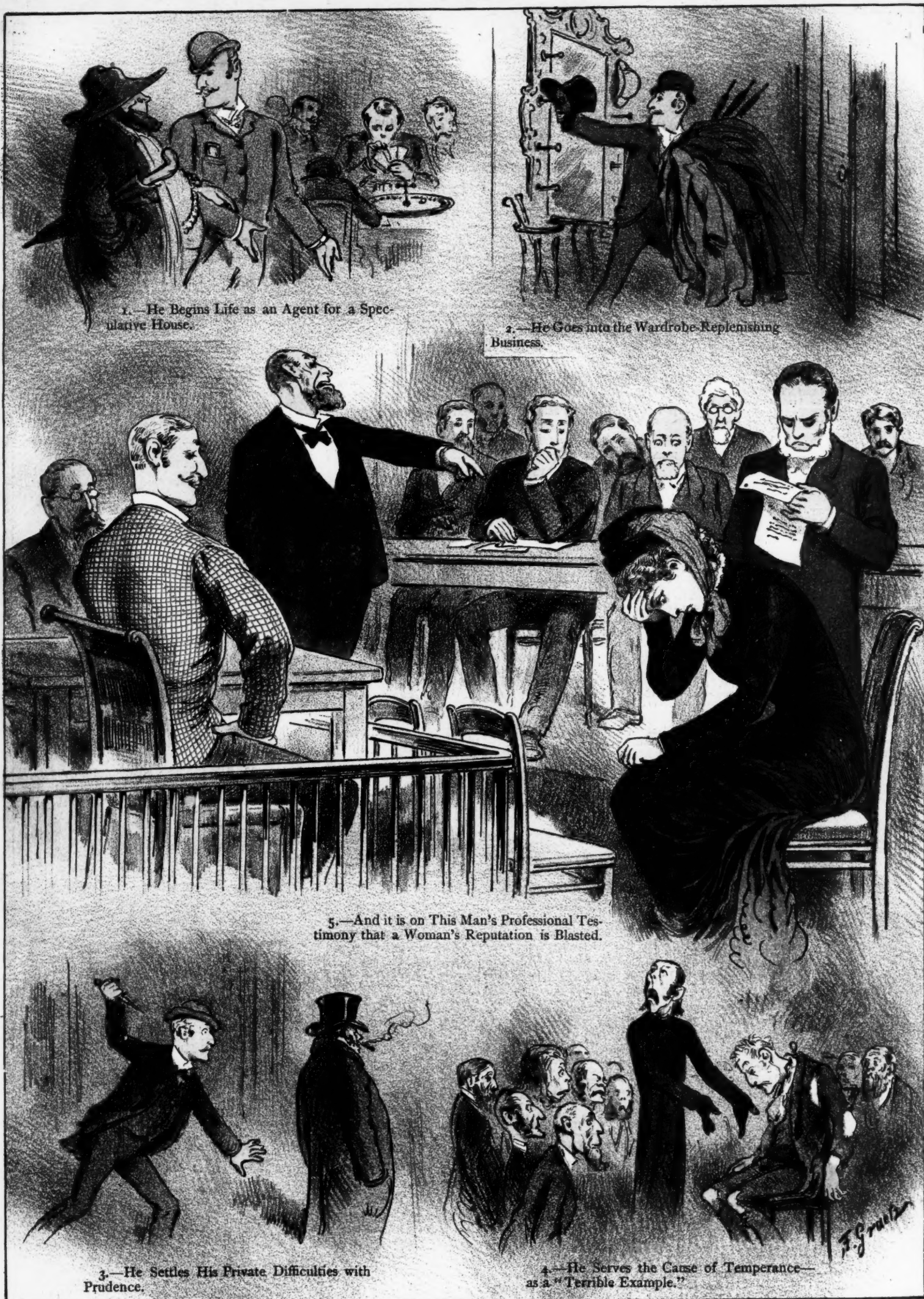
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